

Title: The History of Bal-Anon Dak

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The history of my life would be that of an ordinary man except for one thing. It happened on the day of my seventh birthday.

For the most part of my early childhood years I was a sickly boy who was very fortunate to have his parents to care for him. We lived in a small unassuming village next to the sea in northern Britannia. It was a quiet life. My parents owned a spice shop which catered to the needs of ordinary folks and so generally only carried common spices and things people would use in the routine of their daily lives. These years were good to me and my family had a good life.

Until my seventh year.

That year we managed to survive a plague. It lasted for months and many families were decimated. I lost all my childhood friends as the children were the most susceptible to the disease. The destruction of the plague was compounded by the inaction of Lord

British's nobility which had been too slow to act on the warnings of the plague's coming and selfish in the dispensing of help to the citizens under their rule.

Fortunately we still had each other and a roof over our heads. We were of the few who survived intact as a family. My parents were encouraged that I had survived the plague without ever getting ill.

That same year, after all the sickness that somehow I had escaped, I became very ill. My parents were extremely distraught. The disease ravaged my small body and I was frequently the subject of horrible seizures and delirium. Vainly they turned to the many cures and remedies available in the land. It was to no avail and my parents thought me lost to the God of Death. Priest were made to come and implore the Gods to heal me. Their pleas were utterly defeated. And so, finally my parents came to accept the impeding doom awaiting me. The last monk to see me had grimly informed my father that I would no survive my birthday.

It was that morning when a stranger appeared in town. People feared him at once, sensing an aura of immense power

that surrounded him. Yet he never came to town but remained camped just outside the village near the resting place of our fathers. This was considered an evil omen and many in the village pondered on ways to get him to leave; all the while knowing full well none had even the courage to approach him.

But fear was no match for the determination of a mother for her boy. Summoning all her courage, she brought my deathly ill body to the man that he might succeed where all had quickly failed before. Bitterly she listened as he told her that death was a passing thing and that we all were meant to die.

I still remember his deep dark eyes as they penetrated me for the first time. They filled me with a cold strength that allowed me to lift my head for the first time in days. "Child", he said, "Doest thou fear death?" I responded: "Nay Master, it will free me of my sickness. All my life I have been sick. I know death, I have felt it near me often. In truth, life is cruel and death is not." At those words he marveled: "This from the mouth of a child. But, you are not yet free of your burden yet child." He then

healed me.

As I grew into my adult years I found him on occasions and his tutorship has melded me into the wizard I am today. I aim to match his power and be worthy of the assessment he made of me when I was a child. Further, I quest to put down the tyrannical rule of Lord British's nobility that I hold so dearly responsible for the suffering of so many people.
I serve Oblivion.

Entropy is a sweet embrace to me.